THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE HAPPY FAMILY.

TAMING ANIMALS.

SOME years ago there lived in London a man by the name of John Austin. He loved animals, and was wonderfully skilful in training them. Even those that seem the natural enemies of each other, he taught to live together as friends.

In a cage, of which a representation is given in the picture, he had a cat, rat, mouse, hawk, rabbit, guinea-pig, pigeon, owl, starling, and sparrow. These all lived together in peace. The sparrow would light on pussy's head, and the rat would nestle on her back; and pussy would only purr and look happy. Hawk and owl had no desire to feed on their little friends, as they would have done on like animals, in their wild state.

Mr. Austin thus showed what patient and persistent effort would accomplish in training the most inveterate natural enemies to live together in concord. He took the animals when young; and by feeding them well, and accustoming them to each other's presence, and at first carefully watching and guarding them, kept their fiercer natures and instinctive fears from becoming developed, so they learned to live together as one family.

Some people seem to meet with much greater success in training animals than do others. I suppose it is because of their greater love for them and understanding of their ways; and greater patience. It is only by constant kindness that men can attach animals to them, and gain power over them.

Rev. Crawford Nightingale, of Groton, told me this story: A squirrel had a hole near a path in his garden, about three rods from the house. The little squirrel probably thought it would be very nice to live under such green grass, with beautiful trees close by to climb, where he could jump about from branch to branch and have all the fun he wished. It is hardly likely that he knew Mr. Nightingale was a good Unitarian minister, and that he so loved all of God's creatures as to be willing to share with them God's gifts to him.

As soon as Mr. Nightingale found out about his new tenant, he and his whole family became very much interested in him. They would see him come out of his hole, search about for nuts, rush up the trees, and jump about for exercise, and make himself just as much at home as if he owned the whole place.

One day Mr. Nightingale put a nut a little ways from the hole. The squirrel saw it when he came up to look about, seized it, and carried it down. Then a nut was placed a little farther from the hole, and nearer the house. The squirrel ventured to take that too. Thus, from time to time, Mr. Nightingale and the members of his family would put nuts nearer and nearer the house, till by and by the squirrel would come upon the piazza.

Little squirrel thus got over his natural timidity very fast. Mr. Nightingale's daughter would put nuts close beside her and on her dress, and the squirrel would come and get them. Next, he would climb up in her lap and take them; and, finally, he grew so fearless that he went into her pocket for them. Of course no movement was made to frighten him.

But, more than this, he was induced to go into the house. He first climbed to the top of the piazza, and got nuts. Then they were placed on the window-seat, and he would come and get them. Then, a little way from the window, in the chamber, till finally he got so he would come fearlessly into the chamber occupied by Mr. Nightingale's son.

One day this son was unwell, lying upon

the bed. The squirrel came to look for nuts. He jumped upon the bed, and took them wherever he found them placed. Mr. Nightingale's son put one in his own mouth and held it with his teeth. The squirrel went to his mouth, took it out, and carried it away. Then he came back, and looked into the son's mouth to find another. Thus the squirrel lived on familiar terms with his human friends, till finally he disappeared to be seen no more.

This story, a true one, shows what effect a kind, intelligent, and patient mode of proceeding has upon even animals by nature shy and wild.

For The Dayspring.

ALPHA'S PROMISE.

A Story for the Boys.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

A SHORT distance below Alpha Emerson's house lay a smooth, shining lake, which possessed many temptations for him; and one day he was delighted to have his sailor uncle take him out in a dainty rocking dory to fish.

Ah! it is rare sport, little folks. Did you ever hang eagerly over a boat's side, and anxiously hold a fish line in your fingers waiting for the warning jerk that tells you there's a flapping fish at the other end waiting to be pulled in?

If not, I fear you cannot form a fair idea of Alpha's joy of that day; for his mother was a widow, and had but lately moved from a stifled city to this lovely place.

As they wound the lines upon the reel, and the sun sank slowly in the west, his uncle said quietly, —

"Alpha, how many times will this pond cause you to disobey your mother, do you think?"

"Not once, sir, I hope," answered the boy, soberly.

"I did not ask you what you *hoped*, my boy, — we can hope any thing: but I ask you to tell me honestly what you *think*," rejoined the uncle.

"But I haven't thought much about it yet."

"That is what I feared, my boy; but I want you to begin to think; for this pond will be here as long as you live here, — there can be no doubt of that. The dories, the fish, and the ice-boats will be here; and, though they have no voices, they will coax you away from your work, your studies, and your duties a great many times, *unless*" — and he looked steadily into his nephew's face, waiting for him to finish the sentence.

"Unless I make up my mind, *once for all*, that *they shall not*," answered the boy, sturdily.

"That has the right ring to it, my boy. Now, the next question is, Can you?"

"Yes, sir, I can; but I don't think that I have done so yet."

"Out with the truth, — that's best, little fellow. On the strength of that, I've a proposition to make to you. I'm going away for five years. You're twelve now, I believe. When I return, you will be seventeen; old enough, I trust, to enter college. You are your mother's only child, and one to whom she is looking for comfort to-day, to-morrow, and through the coming years of your lives, if God shall graciously spare you to each other. She cannot be near you always when wrong stands in the way of right, and when evil companions entice you. You are a manly, honest little fellow now; but I am older than you, and I know that you will not always find it as easy to do right as you have done; for, as you grow older, the temptations will grow heavier, and I feel sure their weight

will influence you sometimes. I am not sure but that these little by-paths that coax us away from the highways are not just the things we need. For Fénelon says, rightly, that 'temptations are a file which rubs off much of the rust of our self-confidence.' But you are safe to 'do all that you can to stand; and then fear lest you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.'"

Alpha sat silently thinking, as he dipped his hand up and down in the water.

"Now, I know this lake will be one stumbling-block in your way; and I want an honest, fair promise from you for the next five years, when, God willing, I hope to come back, and ask you if you have kept it. Can you make it?"

"According to what it is, sir."

"Of course, that is fair. Well, I want you to promise me *never* to come upon this pond, never to fish or bathe in it, except with your mother's permission. Can you do it?"

"But I shall be old enough and big enough to keep out of danger before you come back, uncle."

"But never too old or too big to obey your mother, my boy," rejoined the honest-hearted man.

Alpha's head dropped a little lower, and he sat as if thinking. His uncle took the oars and rowed toward the shore, saying,—

"Think hard, Alpha, and decide one way or other before I put her ashore," and away sped the boat like a bird. Just as her keel grated the shining sand, his uncle said cheerily:—

"Well, how is it, little fellow? Pretty tight suit to squeeze into for five years?"

Alpha laughed a little, then said soberly:

"I'll promise you I won't do it, *unless I forget.*"

"Can't take a promise with a little hole to crawl out of."

"But I don't want to crawl out, uncle,—only I was afraid I might forget: five years is so long."

"Stow the promise down deep enough in your heart, and I'm not afraid you'll forget it."

"Well, then, I promise that, if the Lord will help me, I'll never come upon this pond, nor fish from its shores, nor bathe in it, unless my mother first gives her permission."

"That's the talk. Give me your hand;" and he shook it warmly.

"You're hold of the right help now, and I'll risk you, I think; but here's a little something to help remind you of it;" and he drew a ring from his bronzed finger, and put it upon the boy's finger.

"But, mind, you are not to use this promise as an excuse to the boys. If they tease you, you are not to back out with, 'I've promised my uncle,' but you're to be willing to say manfully, 'I can't disobey my mother.'" Twelve-year-old Alpha thought it would be easy enough to say so; but after his uncle had been gone a long time, and he had grown to be a larger boy, it wasn't always so easy to see the soundness of his mother's arguments.

Sometimes she thought the ice was too thin, when he didn't; sometimes she thought the wind blew too hard, when he didn't; sometimes she objected to the company who were to row with him, and he didn't; sometimes she saw the need of more study instead of play, when he insisted upon sailing; and so it went, and many a time he had been very, very sorry that he had promised. But, after the disappointment was over, he had always thought of his uncle's noble efforts for his good with pleasure.

But you must not think that he had seen but little enjoyment upon this lovely lake; for he had, and had learned to swim, row, sail a boat, and skate.

In the latter pastime he was the acknowledged leader in the town. He could write his name upon the ice, could cut eagles with outspread wings, and perform examples, and other wonderful things, that no one else could do so well with skates. He couldn't help feeling a little proud of it; for he had worked very hard to teach himself these feats; and when any one works hard to learn any thing, and does learn it, I think he has a right to be a little proud of it, — don't you?

Well, the five years had nearly gone. It was a cold icy day in February, and the next June he could be free from the promise, if he chose to be. He had been spending a week's vacation in the city, which they left so long ago; and, having left his mother behind, he got out of the lumbering stage-coach just in time to be surrounded by a crowd of the High School boys, all eager for the first word.

Said James Stone eagerly, —

"You're just in time, Alpha. The boys from Canton High School have challenged ours to a skating match on our pond this afternoon. Colonel Higginson has offered a silver watch to the best skater, and you're sure to get it. Frank Kelly said he would try if you didn't come. He doesn't expect to beat, but we know you can."

"Oh, do try, Alpha. Go home with me, now; give yourself a rousing wash, so the car and stage dust won't make you heavy; eat a good dinner with me, and you'll have just an hour to rest in; and then go down and beat those Canton High School fellows deader than a door nail. You can do it," and Freddy Eldredge had him by the arm, pushing him toward his home.

"Who is the champion skater on that side?" asked Alpha.

"Oliver Snow."

"Whew! I don't think it will be a hard task to beat him on the eagle and capital letters, unless he has improved since I have been away," answered Alpha.

"Of course you can. Hurrah for Alpha Emerson!" and up went two dozen caps, and three times as many hurrahs.

Even his teacher and the committee came to him and asked him to do it:

"Because," said one of them, "I think it a good thing to take a little of the starch out of those Canton boys."

"And I was so anxious to have you come, that I should have sent a telegram for you, if I had known your address," put in another.

Altogether he was quite a hero, and, like all the rest of us, felt very much pleased to know himself to be of so much importance. In fact, he was thinking so much of his sure success, and his joy because he could please his master, the committee, and his schoolmates so well, that he didn't think of his promise until after he had eaten his dinner, and was nearly ready to go down to the ice. But he only gave it a little thought, and said softly to himself: —

"Mother would certainly be willing if she were here, and I can write her all about it to-night. Besides, I really need a watch if I am going to college so soon. Mother has often said so, but she cannot afford it; and, if my feet can earn it, it seems to me it must be all right."

And just as he had got so far in thinking, a loud hurrah sounded from the pond, and Jesse Tuttle shouted, —

"The Canton boys have come, Alpha. Come on, quick!"

Three more cheers for Alpha Emerson went up, and off they started with him.

He came to the margin. The hero of the other side shone out gayly in a red flannel suit, while Alpha looked very manly in a blue one.

You must remember he wasn't the little boy that had stood there by his uncle nearly

five years ago, but a tall young man, to be seventeen in a few days more; and you must know it would be very hard for such a tall youth to tell all that crowd that he minded his mother just the same as when a lad.

He was not thinking about this at all, but was so excited and pleased he could think of nothing save what was around him.

Well, matters were arranged; judges were chosen; the watch was put into the hands of a man who stood carelessly upon the bank.

Alpha took his skates eagerly from his shoulder, and was just about to strap them on.

"Three cheers for the beginning!" sang out one, and, boy fashion, it was given. Just as it was ended, one of Alpha's skate-buckles clinked softly against that ring which his uncle had put upon his finger. It had done the same dozens of times before; but it woke him up now, and he remembered all.

Starting up, he said hurriedly, —

"Frank Kelly, you must take my place. I can't go on that pond to-day."

"But you must!" shouted Fred.

"Don't back out now. We're sure you can beat him," said Eugene Ellis.

"I can't beat that Oliver Snow; and *our school must beat*, Alpha!" put in Frank.

The teacher and committee came up, and the man who held the watch drew near, and, standing behind a tree, listened eagerly with his hat drawn far over his eyes, but seemingly very much interested.

They all urged, and then the teacher said:

"But, Alpha, it looks cowardly to give up now and disappoint us all. I feel sure you will be the winner, so I see no good reason for this strange behavior."

It was hard to disappoint them; it was hard to be a hero one moment, and then be accused of being a coward the next; but 'twas harder still to give the real reason, and he a young man soon to enter college; but his promise to his uncle prohibited his saying he had promised him. He must say the real truth, if any thing.

This was the first time that he had been in such a tight place since that day; but they continued to urge, till he stepped boldly out upon the bank, and, in the hearing of his school and the others, — the teacher, committee, and friends, — he lifted his hat, and said manfully, —

"My reason is a simple one. My mother is fifty miles from here, and does not allow me to go upon this pond, or any other, without her knowledge. *I cannot disobey her.*"

For a moment there was a silence, and then pretty little Eva whispers to her brother Jesse, —

"I think he deserves six cheers more."

"Three double cheers for Alpha Emerson!" shouted Jesse. Up went the caps.

"Three cheers more for the mother of such a son," added the man with the slouched hat. Up went the caps again; but some of the Canton boys hissed, and asked in a tone loud enough for him to hear, —

"Does the little fellow want his mamma to rock him?" and, "Bless his 'ittle tender heart?" and so on, just as thoughtless boys will.

But Alpha stood and watched Frank Kelly take his place, and, with the rest, stood till the trial of skill was over, and Oliver Snow marched up to receive the watch he had fairly won.

The man with the slouchy hat (who, by the way, had begged the privilege) stepped forward, and made a neat little speech as he gave it to him; then, in the same gruff voice, called out, —

"Alpha Emerson, step forward!" and gravely took another watch from his pocket.

A murmur of surprise and admiration ran around; for it was an elegant gold one, with a heavy chain attached.

"Alpha Emerson, you have done to-day

what it takes more courage to do than to face an enemy on the battle-field; for you have dared to let this town and the next know that you are *too honorable to disobey your mother.* A boy that can manfully declare such a truth in the face of such a temptation has the stuff in him that heroes are made of. God bless you, my nephew. The Lord has helped you to keep your promise made to me, in nearly this same spot, almost five years ago."

Alpha turned, and, pushing the hat back, saw that it was indeed his uncle; and after he had greeted him the man told the crowd of that day's promise, and how his mother had written him of the many temptations he had resisted since.

"I came into this town but a few hours before him. I was at the stage, and heard the noisy greetings; and, having a curiosity to see how he would stand this last and greatest temptation, I kept quiet. The watch I bought in Liverpool. I hurried to the hotel, and putting it in my pocket brought it here, resolving that if he yielded to the temptation it should be given to the one who was defeated in this trial; for I felt sure he could win the watch. But, Oliver, you have the one which you have won, and Alpha, my boy, you have the one which you have *earned;* and on its face I shall have engraved these words: 'For he remembered his promise," Ps. cv. 42; and may it be a reminder of the fleetness of time and the necessity of its honorable improvement."

The uncle concluded, and Alpha was a hero again. The cheers woke the echoes mid the woods and over the hills, and even went rolling toward the blue Atlantic, to which the winding stream below led.

How many of my boy readers think they can remember their promise and their mother at the risk of being thought cowardly, and sneered at? How many?

THE YEAR'S HARVEST.

SPRING had buds and tender leaves,
Blue violets and sweet May-flowers;
Dear little birds sat 'neath the eaves,
And sang through forest bowers.

The little brooklets found their way
Through the meadows once again;
Their joyous song now seemed to say,
We have broken the icy chain.

Summer clothed the forest trees
With mantles rich and bright.
Oh, what pleasure Nature yields,—
It fills the heart with pure delight!

The pencil dipped in heavenly dew
Gently touches the opening flowers;
That pencil so divine and true
Is painting this brief life of ours.

Autumn brings a harvest sweet
Of golden fruit from bending trees;
Summer's promise, now complete,
A large fulfilment yields.

But is this all that we have gained?
All the wealth the year has brought?
Have our hearts with sin been stained,
Or have we the Saviour sought?

When our hearts the record show,
May it be of noble words or deed;
Oh, let us not forget to sow
The pure, the goodly seed!

We may wipe the falling tear,
Gather up the withered leaves;
Then the harvest of the year
Will bring us golden sheaves.

The Little Sower.

THE teacher of an infant-school had her attention called to one little fellow who was not listening to what was said. She had been teaching her class the elements of English history, and, wishing to see if he knew what she had been talking about, she suddenly asked, "Johnny, who killed King Rufus?" With a surprised look he replied, "Why, I didn't know he was dead!"

THE PICTURE OF FATHER.

THE BUNCH OF FLOWERS.

How sorry little Gracie Hall was, when she heard that her dear friend, Rosa Davis, was sick!

There was to be a little party in the woods that afternoon, and Rosa and all were to have such a happy time! They were to have baskets full of nice things! A white table-cloth was to be spread upon the ground, and they were going to make plates out of oak-leaves!

Rosa felt just like crying, when she found that she could not go. For two days she had been sick; and this third day, on which she had hoped to be well, she was no better. Her mother tried to comfort her; and Rosa did try to cheer up, for her mother's sake.

But Gracie did more than just feel sorry for Rosa. She went out and picked from her garden the brightest and sweetest flowers; and over she went to carry them to Rosa, and tell her how sorry she was that she was sick.

Then gladness came into Rosa's heart, and her eyes grew bright. Gracie said that she would come and stay with her, and not go to the party. But Rosa would not let her. She said the flowers would make her happy all day; and Gracie must go to the party, and be happy, too. And very happy both little girls were.

THE PORTRAIT.

FRANKY WILLIS has thrown down his ball, and left his horse, Jacky, to rest, while he looks at his father's portrait.

Franky and his mother are very happy together. She helps him in his play, tells him stories, and teaches him such things as his mind is getting big enough to like to know.

How good it is that almost all little boys and girls have such sweet, loving mothers. Franky sometimes throws his arms around his mother's neck, and says, "There never, never was such a sweet, darling mother!"

But a great many little boys and girls do that same thing, and really think just so. And they are all right. Their mothers are just the best and sweetest that can be for them.

Franky's father has gone away to Europe, where he will have to stay some months. So, almost every day, the father's portrait must be taken down and looked at, and there must be a long talk about father.

Franky is longing for him to come home. What he is expecting there will be for him in the big trunk his father will bring, I do not know. But I do know there can be nothing he will be so glad to see as his father himself.

AUTUMN HYMN.

For the Sunday-school Excursion, Newport, R.I., Sept. 26, 1874.

IN the evening of the year,
In the morning of our days,
We, in Nature's temple here,
Join her hymn of grateful praise.
Thanks to him whose love's bright rays
Gladden all the rolling sphere,
In his children's tasks and plays
Ever nigh to help and cheer.

From the fount of good unseen,
Come these daily joys of ours:
Vernal bud and tender green;
Summer suns and genial showers;
Heavenly hues on fruits and flowers;
Moon and stars with light serene;
Mellow Autumn's golden hours;
Winter's white and sparkling scene.

He the arch of noonday spanned,
Spread the shade tree's leafy bough,
And his breath at evening fanned
With cool wind the fevered brow.
He who blessed the farmer's plough,
Mower's toil and sower's hand,
Sends the grateful reapers now
Through the plenteous harvest land.

Nobler gifts to him we owe:
Love and friendship, heaven and home;
Faith and hope, with deathless glow
Lighting a celestial dome.
Wheresoe'er his children roam,
From his sight they ne'er can go,
Angel-guards from heaven that come
Still are passing to and fro.

Ever patient, tender, kind!
  Watching us with ceaseless gaze!
Never may our souls be blind
  To thy mercy's bright displays!
  Bless Thou us in all our ways
With a glad and grateful mind:
  Then, when come life's Autumn days,
Childlike joy we still shall find.

In the skies that o'er us bend,
  Thy calm face we still would see;
And where'er our days we spend,
  May our hearts thy temple be!
  In our youth remembering Thee,
Our Creator, Father, Friend!
  With contentful hearts shall we
See life's evening shades descend.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XIII. — *Grandmother.*

DO you know the way not to have the toothache? It is to keep your mouth clean, and eat very little candy. Do you know another way of keeping the mouth clean? Never speaking a bad word.

When I was seven, I had the toothache. Many a night I sat up in bed, holding my cheek, rocking to and fro, staring at the nursery lamp behind the high fender, watching the strange shadows cast on the ceiling, pitying myself, and wondering why I must lie awake and suffer, whilst the others had a good time sleeping.

At last my father took me to a dentist, who wrenched out my aching tooth in a harder way than is done now. But, instead of being grateful for getting rid of the pain, I was almost as afraid of that sunken-eyed man as of a dragon. To reward me for my courage in having my tooth out, I was carried to a toy-shop, where I selected a wooden lemon, filled with miniature cups and saucers, or a cup and ball, or some other toy; but it is so long ago I can't be sure which.

Then we walked to the house of my great-uncle, at the head of South Street. He was a sort of king in our family; and I should hardly have dared refuse if he had ordered me to have all my teeth out. But he was silent that day. I often went to his palace, but never before, I think, of a forenoon, with my father. Softly we walked across the thick Turkey carpet to the great fireplace, where sat my uncle, leaning on his gold-headed cane, and near him his nieces, doing nothing, though it was the busy part of the day. We shook hands; and then my father led me up the low stairs, across the upper hall, through the big guest-chamber, to the bed where lay my aunt, whose name I bore, sleeping the sleep of death. I had never seen one in this sleep before; but I was not so much frightened as awed and saddened, for there lay our family saint turned into a magnificent marble image.

For a long time we had stopped on our way from school to hear how she was, — gladly stopping, because she had told her nieces to give the children cake or biscuits. Think of it! though from disease she was starving to death, she did not forget that we were always hungry.

I cried when my tooth was pulled. I cried as I looked at my still aunt, who would not speak in her kind way again; but I forgot all about it when I got home, where no one was dead, and no one in pain; where my mother was busy, and the servants at work, my tooth out, and Miriam ready to admire my new toy.

Funeral day it was exciting to watch our mother put on the black clothes, and, after she had gone, try on our hats trimmed with black ribbon.

But, though we did not go to the funeral, we heard too much about the sadness of

death; and we did not forget that the dear aunt used to say, "Death is the one trial not to be got over."

If I had been told, as I looked at her white face, that that noble image was but the cage from whence had soared her soul, — her true self, the living bird, — on swift pinions, with an undying song, to its eternal home; and if I had seen our family, who loved her so dearly, not crushed by her loss, but triumphant in the beautiful life she lived and the blessed death she died, — would not death have seemed to me the golden key opening heaven's door, the loving messenger summoning her to her heavenly Father's house? True, she had lost the brittle toys of earth (which grown people have as well as children); but she would suffer no more pain, and, what hurt her tender heart so deeply, no longer grieve for others' woes. Now-a-days some of us do not think enough about death, but, in our haste to push it out of sight, and so forget it, lose its sweetly solemn lesson, — which is, to be always ready for death, by being good every day.

But I was going to tell you about my Grandmother Somers, who was that dear aunt's sister. I hope you have a grandmother living. Hers is the pleasantest house to go to. The rooms may be small, the furniture shabby; but hers is the big heart and the warm welcome. No key turned on *her* china closet; and such gingerbread! and she never surprised that children want to eat from morning till night!

Is your grandmother short, plump, and spry? Has she rosy cheeks and kind, brown eyes? Does she comb out her long, white, silken hair, and then hide it away under a high, muslin cap? Does she clap muslin and lace for her cap-borders? or with soft cloth and suds wash her gray marble mantelpiece? Does she boil candy on her chamber hearth whenever you want it? and play backgammon by the hour together? When your mother comes in tired and sad from shopping, does your grandmother clap on her bonnet, and slip round the corner and find at another shop just what she wanted? When a neighbor is sick or in trouble, does she immediately begin to think what she can do for him?

But I don't believe your grandmother makes so many bags. My grandmother was always making them, — stout ones for the boys, silk ones for the ladies. They were called *reticules* then. If a shivering beggar came to the door, my grandmother would strip off a skirt, though she spent so little money on herself that she said nobody would quarrel over her clothes after death. My grandmother was "given to hospitality," as the Bible tells us to be; and even on house-cleaning days out-of-town cousins were welcome to share her "cold bite," or "pot luck." She was eager to further every pleasant scheme, and would have a tiresome mantua-maker, or plan a new bonnet for us in a hurry. She said she was more severe with her grandchildren than with their parents; if so, she must have spoiled *them* with indulgence, for I cannot remember that she was ever cross with us.

She feared in her last illness that she had thought too much of man's approval; but I think she learned at last that the little every-day duties, well performed, and the little constant kindnesses which made our childhood so happy, really built the ladder up which she softly, slowly went into the joyful heavens; for in no way do we so please God as by helping his children.

Dr. Channing said of her: "I never knew a more tender heart. She not only felt her own bereavements most keenly, but was exquisitely alive to the sufferings of her fellow-creatures. Few fulfilled, as she did, the law of 'bearing others' burdens.'"

THE LESSONS OF THE LEAVES.

How do the leaves grow
In spring upon their stem?
Oh, the sap swells up with a drop for all,
And that is life to them.

What do the leaves do
Through the long summer hours?
Oh, they make a home for the wandering birds,
And shelter the wild flowers.

How do the leaves fade
Beneath the autumn blast?
Oh, fairer they grow before they die:
Their brightest is their last.

We are like leaves, too,
O children, weak and small:
God knows each leaf of the forest shade,—
He knows *you* each and all.

Never a leaf falls
Until its part is done;
God gives *us* grace like sap, and then
Some work to every one.

You must grow old, too,
Beneath the autumn sky;
But lovelier and brighter your lives may grow,
Like leaves before they die.

Brighter with kind deeds,
With love to others given;
Till the leaf falls off from the autumn tree,
And the spirit is in heaven.

Selected.

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

EARLY in the gray dawn of an autumn morning, the inhabitants of a small village on the Welsh coast were aroused by the news that a great ship had struck on the rocks, and was going down. A crowd soon collected on the beach, and saw that the crew were hastily getting into the boats, scantily clothed in whatever was at hand to throw over their night-dresses. The shock had evidently been a sudden one, and they had been awakened from sleep to the prospect of a terrible death.

At length the ship was deserted, and, with intense excitement, the villagers watched the boats laboring through the heavy masses of water that came tumbling with a sullen roar upon the beach. After much peril, all landed safely, though half drowned with spray, and half dead with fright. Parents sought out their children, and friends clasped each other, dreading lest, in the confusion, *one* should have been left behind. Each one found the other, and joined in fervent thanksgiving, — all but one, a little girl of ten years old, who ran eagerly about from group to group, gazing on each face in evident distress, and then shrieking in piercing tones, "O Minnie! Minnie! they have left Minnie behind!"

"Be thankful, child," said one, "that your own life is spared."

"No," said the little girl, choking with sobs, "I would rather die with Minnie; I have nothing but Minnie."

"How came you to leave her?" asked another.

"We awoke with a great noise," said little Mary, "and I ran up to see what was the matter, and was going back to tell her, but some one put me in the boat, and I could not be heard for the noise; and then I thought perhaps they had taken her too. Oh, do save Minnie!" cried the child, wild with distress.

"It is impossible, my dear," said a gentleman, "the ship was filling fast and must soon go down." Tears ran down the captain's face. "I have a wife and children," he said, "or I would risk my life for the little one; for they are two little orphans given into my charge to bring them from Australia to their uncle in England."

The child ran to a weather-beaten sailor and clasped his knees. "You used to play with Minnie," she cried: "do save her, please do!"

"God help me, I will!" said the kind-

hearted man, touched by the child's grief; and quickly, taking every precaution, he dashed out into the foam.

Sometimes they believed him lost; but he was a powerful, muscular man, and gallantly struggled on. Mary knelt trembling on the sand, hiding her face in her hands, silently praying for her sister, and not daring to look up, until a cheer from those around told her he had gained the ship. Calling out the name of "Minnie," a little voice from the saloon answered him, and he sought her out there. Poor little thing! frightened at the rising water, she had climbed by a chair on to the table, and when the water covered the table she had pulled the floating chair on to it; and as the water still rose she was kneeling upon it, praying the Good Father "to take her to heaven, and comfort poor Mary."

It was the work of a moment for the brave sailor to seize the child, and begin to strive against the water with her in his arms. Soon he reached the deck. The ship was filling so rapidly that a horrible fear seized him that they might both be sucked down with the sinking vessel. He strained every nerve, inspired with having rescued the child from her solitary death: if she perished now, it would not be alone. She never doubted they would be saved, and clung to him with quiet confidence, sometimes on the top of a wave, then buried in its deep hollow. The noble fellow held out manfully, and was at last cast on shore, bruised and breathless, with his precious burden safe.

Words fail to tell of the meeting of the two sisters: the rough men around sobbed like children at the sight.

Three years after the shipwreck, the two children were living at a pleasant house in Lincolnshire, very happy with their aunt and uncle, who, having no children of their own, were glad to receive them, to supply the want. One sunny afternoon, a rough-looking man came up to the door, and asked to speak to "Miss Minnie." The maid-servant looked surprised, for he was dusty and travel-stained, and spoke with a gruff voice. "You can't see her; she doesn't come to the like of you," said the girl.

"The *like of me!* why, what do you take me for?" asked the man, with a smile.

"Why, a beggar to be sure; and I dare say an impostor," answered the maid; to which a youth, who helped the gardener, responded by declaring, "half those begging sailors were land-lubbers who had never seen the inside of a ship."

How this talk might have ended I know not, had not Minnie at that moment looked out at a window, and, with a cry of joy, darted downstairs. You may imagine how the maid-servant was surprised when she saw her young mistress fling her arms round the stranger's neck, and cover his dusty face with kisses. Then Mary came running down too, with as warm a welcome. The aunt and uncle were delighted to see the brave sailor, and begged him to stay at their house whenever he remained on shore. When this tale was told to me, the good man was living still, and never failed, after each voyage, to go and see his little friend.

Early Days.

A KINDLY DEED.

A KINDLY deed
Is a little seed,
That groweth all unseen;
And lo, when none
Do look thereon,
Anew it springeth green.

A friendly look
Is a better book
For precept than you'll find
'Mong the sages wise,
Or the libraries,
With their priceless wealth of mind.

The little dole
Of a humble soul,
In all sincereness given,
Is like the wings
Of the lark, as it springs,
Singing clear, to the gate of heaven.

Sunday Magazine.

HUMOROUS.

THE first day a little boy went to school, the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, how do you spell *boy?*" "Oh, just as other folks do."

"To-day," wrote a German in London to a friend, "I was asked at dessert which fruit of those on the table I would prefer. 'Some sneers,' I replied. The company first of all were surprised, and then burst into laughter when they guessed the process by which I had arrived at the expression. I, who at that time had to construct my English laboriously out of dialogue books and dictionaries, had found that 'not to care a fig' meant 'to sneer at a person;' so when I wanted to ask for figs, fig and sneer, I thought, were synonymous."

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am *sad, you see*," he replied, "Oh, no! you belong to the other Jewish sect, — you are *fair, I see.*"

A darkey, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument: "De operator isn't yer!"

The little fellow who lately tumbled into a pond, but managed to crawl out before any one reached him, believed in works as well as in faith. Pale and dripping, he was prepared for bed by his mother, who, having quieted him down, suggested that he should thank God for having saved him. The youngster thoughtfully replied: "Yes, I s'pose God did save me, but then I held on to the gwass too."

A little girl in the infant class of a Brooklyn Sunday school appreciated better the difference between being good from choice and necessity than many elders. At the close of a recent session, the teacher said to her: "Beckie, my dear, you were a very good girl to-day." "Yes'm, I couldn't help bein' good, I got a stiff neck," the youthful Beckie replied, with a perfect seriousness.

During a recent small-pox panic in a New England village, a small boy was brought to the city, by his mother, for the purpose of receiving vaccination. The first time he was allowed to attend Sunday school after recovering from the operation, the lesson chanced to be about the going up of the Jews to Jerusalem to eat the Passover. "Can any one tell me," asked the teacher, "why all the people went up to the city?" Our little friend remembered his own recent journey, and instantly responded: "To be vaccinated!"

For The Dayspring.

WHAT NETTIE SAW.

TROUBLE and grief our Nettie knew,
No plant but wins its share of dew:
Though now her sobs were hushed, yet, try
Hard as she would, the tearful eye
Bespoke her disappointment sore;
None guessed the good it had in store.

On lighted lamp her listless gaze
Was turned, through glimmering misty haze
She saw a wondrous sea of light.
Transported with a scene so bright,
"Mamma," she cried, "angels are here,
For I saw their beauteous robes appear
Like moonbeams on a frosty night,
All bordered round with rainbows bright."
"No, no; I do not dream awake.
I'll look again: 'twas no mistake."

But she could not see, for her tears were gone,
The shining robes the angels had on;
But the vision brief had a holy power
To brighten many a saddened hour.

'Tis so through life the glimpses given,
When the darkening clouds are riven,
Gleam on the soul with light benign,
Kindling anew the flames divine.

A. A. B.

LOSS OF TIME.

WHAT does it matter if we do lose a few minutes in a whole day? Calculating three hundred and thirteen working days of eight hours each to the year, the answer is that five minutes lost each day is in a year three days, two hours, five minutes; ten minutes lost is six days, four hours, ten minutes; twenty minutes lost, thirteen days, one hour, twenty minutes; thirty minutes lost, nineteen days, four hours, and thirty minutes; and sixty minutes lost, thirty-nine days, one hour.

THE son of an Emir had red hair, of which he was ashamed, and wished to dye it. But his father said, "Nay, my son, rather behave in such a manner that all the fathers should wish their sons had red hair."

Puzzles.

24.

AN ACROSTIC.

A COMMON fruit in northern clime;
A season welcome in its time;
For summer use in winter stored;
In time of war he grasps his sword;
A title high in England known;
It lights the earth from zone to zone;
It comes from flowers, a fragrance sweet;
The merchant will its payment meet;
The month of opening buds, and bloom;
A passion fierce, ne'er give it room;
By all should be to others shown;
He occupies an empire's throne;
It now is yours, improve it well;
In it for ever may you dwell;
Secure it holds amid the storm;
An animal of tallest form;
It soareth upward as it sings;
From rock to rock it nimbly springs;
Sooner or later comes to all;
In it on God we daily call;
'Tis said it once did save the race;
To all who have, a gift of grace;
A lowly virtue all should know;
A symbol, something else to show;
The golden, keep your whole life through;
Now guess the proverb here for you.

25.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

1. There are four little girls. Their names are Gertie, Sophy, Louise, and Dora. Take one particular letter from each name, and see what they all are.

2. There are five little boys. Their names are Bertie, Henry, Sammy, David, and James. Do the same with their names, and see what they all are.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

22. — Be in earnest.

23. — R il L
O mr I
S ou L
E nv Y. — Rose, Lily.

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